Maſter Page. Wife bid theſe gentlemen welcome: come, we haue a hot Veniſon paſty to dinner; Come gentlemen, I hope we ſhall drinke downe all vnkindneſſe.

Slen. I had rather then forty ſhillings I had my booke of Songs and Sonnets heere: How now *Simple*, where haue you beene? I muſt wait on my ſelfe, muſt I? you haue not the booke of Riddles about you, haue you?

Sim. Booke of Riddles? why did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* vpon Allhallowmas laſt, a fortnight afore Michaelmas.

Shal. Come Coz, come Coz, wee ſtay for you: a word with you Coz: marry this there is as 'twere a tender, a kinde of tender, made a farre-off by Sir *Hugh* here: doe you vnderſtand me?

Slen. I Sir, you ſhall finde me reaſonable, if it be ſo, I ſhall doe that that is reaſon.

Shal. Nay, but vnderſtand me:

Slen. So I doe Sir.

Euan. Giue eare to his motions; (*Maſter Slender*) I will deſcription the matter to you, if you be capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will doe as my Cozen *Shallow* ſaies: I pray you pardon me, he's a Iuſtice of Peace in his Countrie, ſimple though I ſtand here.

Euan. But that is not the queſtion: the queſtion is concerning your marriage.

Shal. I, there's the point Sir.

Eu. Marry is it: the very point of it, to Miſt. *Anne Page.*

Slen. Why if it be ſo; I will marry her vpon any reaſonable demands.

Eu. But can you affection the 'oman, let vs command to know that of your mouth, or of your lips: for diuers Philoſophers hold, that the lips is parcell of the mouth: therefore preciſely, can you carry your good will to the maide?

Shal. Cozen *Abraham Slender*, can you loue her?

Slen. I hope ſir, I will doe as it ſhall become one that would doe reaſon.

Euan. Nay, got's Lords, and his Ladies, you muſt ſpeake

poſſitable,